

Rubin does it different now; calls '60s 'childhood anger'

by Charlie Clark

"The government may think I'm a dangerous radical but they don't know the size of my cock," Jerry Rubin told a stimulated crowd that filled three quarters of Leacock 132 last night. The former mouthpiece of the movement era explained very cheerfully that he had spent the sixties "compensating for his very small cock with an image of bigness."

Introduced by the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society as the "man who told us to do it who will now tell us what happens after we've done it," Rubin shared an extremely intimate account of his personal discoveries that led to leave behind his angry politics to pursue his own "new consciousness." He had, spent the day having visa problems.

Brandishing the cover of his latest book, *Growing up at 37*, Rubin looked spunky and confident as he explained that it was his publisher who chose the title. "I wasn't a child in the sixties," he said. He mentioned that he's just returned from a trip to China and was still "schizophrenic" about what he saw.

"In 1970, at age 32, I had satisfied all of my childhood dreams. I was a leader in a powerful political movement, I had authored a book, and was loving and was loved by a wonderful woman. Then it collapsed." Rubin described how he took his wife's leaving him and the sudden tendency of the media's "where-is-he-now stories" to refer to him with phrases like "erstwhile" and "aging". "I had believed the image of the sixties and I forgot who I was. I thought I was dead at 34."

Rubin, then forced to resign

as Yippie head while a group called the "Zippies" wrecked his car and threatened his life, spent some time in jail and began to reflect on the sixties, in the face of the Kent State massacre. "The sixties were a morally righteous trip but we just got scared," he remarked.

"If we were to have continued what we were doing it would have meant death and we weren't ready to die at that age."

"We weren't in touch with ourselves and we saw freedom as simply having no external authority. But the sixties were still a good thing."

Rubin then explained his revelation that he had all the while accepted male hegemony and that the sixties had duplicated the male-over-female domination pattern. "Men create the situation that causes women to leave them and who cannot write intimately about their pain or emotions."

After getting into yoga and health foods, Rubin began a psychic therapy that involved a re-experiencing of childhood in order to "separate yourself from your ego and create the concept of seeing an outside witness." Having learned to re-create and evaluate his relations with his mother and father, Rubin then came to the conclusion that he "was his parents" and that his sixties trip was really him being angry at himself and projecting it onto other people. "My sixties image said 'kill your parents' and I really meant kill the parents in you."

Couples clasped hands and the audience was visibly moved as Rubin emphasized that "God is all" and called for "free-flow

consciousness" and the spiritual movement of the seventies, a definite product of the sixties. "The West needs psychotherapy. The number one problem in America today is that everyone has so much of everything and yet they're so miserable." He called for an emphasis on "health and ourselves, and not on disease."

"It's a dialectic" he concluded. "You accept while trying to change. I'm not on a self-hate condemnation for what I did in the sixties - I'm proud of it. We ended the Vietnam War and transformed the consciousness of a generation. We should take what was good from the sixties and use it. There aren't any simple answers, no one-liners and no formulas."

The applause was followed by a question that severely castigated Rubin's speech, charging that it dealt only with the microcosm of a few disoriented upper-class kids into pop-psychology and didn't address what he did in the sixties in the real world. "There is starvation and corporate capitalism and people who have to get up for work in the morning and don't have time to jog at seven, meditate at nine and masturbate at eleven."

Half the auditorium applauded and Rubin, only slightly flustered, said "Yes, I agree. But I have a strategy. I will politicize these movements. I'm not stupid enough to go into a poor area and just tell them to get

continued on page 11



JERRY RUBIN was paid last night to share himself with an audience of over 300. "In the sixties, the irony of getting paid \$1,000 to tell students to burn down a building was just TOO weird."

Movement pushes pedals; McGill takes bike stance

by Brian Hirst

If the Montreal Citizens' Movement (MCM) has its way, Montreal will begin to create a network of safe, secure bicycle roads by next year. If Citizens on Cycles succeeds, hardy cyclists will be rallying through the streets of Montreal in mid-winter, and celebrating International Bicycle Day next May. If McGill's Senate Committee on Development is lucky it might get around to installing a dozen bike racks outside the Bronfman Management and McConnell Engineering Buildings by next summer.

Last Tuesday, the general council of the MCM amplified its proposals for changing Montreal's chaotic, automobile-oriented transportation policies. According to its councillors, the objective of the MCM is the progressive elimination of

private automobiles from the downtown core of Montreal.

The council therefore resolved to encourage cycling by calling upon City Hall to establish better conditions for cyclists, including clearly-marked lanes, parking stands and paths through riverside communities and park areas.

Citizens on Cycles will use a federal L.I.P. grant to prepare a consciousness-raising cyclists' manual and audio-visual materials to teach safe cycling. They will present a brief to the Quebec Transportation Commission disputing the MUCTC fare hike. They argue that this fare increase acts to swell the ranks of auto commuters on our streets, instead of acting to reverse this trend.

McGill's Senate Committee, which oversees campus construction and maintenance has been talking about increasing

bicycle security too. Last June 26, Professors Harris of Civil Engineering and Farley of Urban Planning were delegated to meet with Captain Rostaing of the Department of Buildings and Grounds to discuss managing bicycle traffic on campus. All through the autumn months, commissionaires at security kiosks around campus were instructed to count the bicycles they saw chained up in the vicinity of their posts every day.

ERRATUM

The Daily would like to apologize for an error which appeared in yesterday's comment on the situation of teaching assistants at the University. Teaching assistants are in fact required to pay tuition fees.



TUITION FEES

The second instalment of fees is payable by January 15, 1976.

Because of the current postal situation, arrangements have been made for students to pick up their Fee Statements at Redpath Hall which will be open on 3, 4, 5 and 8 December between 9:00 am. and 4:00 pm. according to the following schedule:

Surnames A—E Wednesday, 3 December

Surnames F—L Thursday, 4 December

Surnames M—R Friday, 5 December

Surnames S—Z Monday, 8 December

Payments received after January 15, 1976 will be subject to late payment penalty.

This procedure will be used regardless of any changes in the postal situation.

today

Bugs Bunny, an endangered species:

The Bugs Bunny Show is being cancelled by the CBC. Protest this cancellation, sign the petition posted in cafeteria of the McConnell Eng. Bldg. philistine ass-holes!

McGill For Farm Workers:

U.F.W. area meeting, Newman Centre, 3484 Peel St., 8 pm. All urged to come.

The McGill Teaching Assistants Assoc:

Meeting to discuss lack of Administration response to MTAA demands and implementation of work slowdown. At 5pm in Seminar Room adjoining Drop-In Centre Redpath Library. All TA representatives urged to attend. Meeting open to all observers. Further info: Pierre Paquette, L425, or local 5239.

Hellenic Association:

General meeting, 123-124 Union, time 5 pm. Important that everyone attend.

Women's Collective Press:

On the stands today. Be sure to get your copy and read all about

the Common Front, the Mexico City Conference, Mother Jones, and more.

McGill Graduate Students Associates:

General meeting at 8 pm in Thomson House. All wives of graduate students and women graduate students welcome. Agenda: ski trip to Mont St. Hilaire in Jan., children's Christmas party, bake and handicrafts sale (Dec. 11).

Savoy Society:

All those interested in helping out with make-up, publicity, costuming, ushering, painting, or scenery for the March production of "Yeomen of the Guard", are urged to attend a production meeting at 7 pm, Union 327.

Committee for Research on Para-Literature:

Prof. Pagé and Prof. Legris; "French Language Radio PLays on the CBC." 6 pm in the Arts Council Room. Everybody welcome.

McGill Players Presents "Tiny Alice":

This controversial Albee play will run to Sunday, Dec. 7. Curtain time 8 pm, and tickets are \$2.50 general public and \$1.50 students and senior citizens. Make reservations at 392-8926 or 392-8924.

The James Bay Ripoff:

The Anthropology Students Association presents Prof. Harvey Felt speaking on "The James Bay Agreement: Another Indian Treaty?" at 3 pm. In Leacock 738. All welcome.

Gay McGill:

General meeting tonight at 7:30 pm in Union 123-124. Business to covered includes finalization of plans for next week's dance and organization of dance volunteers. Beer and dancing afterwards at Gertrude's? All welcome.

Sub-Aqua Club:

Penultimate meeting is at 5:45 pm in Currie Gym G20, followed by Octopush and Valsalva-ing; all come who can. For info: call Alasdair at 288-9595 or 285-9082.

McGill Classics Society:

The next meeting will be held at 4 pm in Leacock 525. All members are urged to attend.

Women's Intramural Ice Hockey:

8:05 ARTS & SCIENCE vs MAN 1; 8:40 MAN 1 vs RVC COED RES & FRATS; 9:15 RVC COED RES & FRATS vs MED NURS & GRADS; 9:50 MAN 1 vs MAN 2; 10:25 MED NURS & GRADS vs P&OT.

HIGHER EDUCATION AWARDS

FOR ACADEMIC YEAR 1976/1977
(For outstanding scholastic achievement)

- **Master's Degree Fellowships:** 600 fellowships of \$4 000 each: all fields of study, including business administration.
- **Doctor's Degree Fellowship:** 500 fellowships ranging from \$4 500 or \$5 000 each.
- **Postdoctorate Research Work Fellowships:** 20 fellowships of \$8 600 each.
- **"Young Administrators" Fellowships:** master's degree in business administration: 50 fellowships of \$8 000 each.
- **Quebec-Ontario Exchange Fellowships:** for doctorate level studies or for postdoctorate research work; 7 fellowships of \$7 500 or \$9 000 each.
- **Scholarships for Study or Improvement in the Field of Arts:** 30 scholarships, maximum value of \$4 000 each.

These awards are granted, following a competitive examination, only to those candidates who are recommended by the selection boards.

Final date for submitting complete application file: February 29, 1976.

Announcement of the results of the competitions: May 31, 1976.

Application forms for a scholarship may be obtained from:

Le Secrétariat
Direction générale de
l'enseignement supérieur
Ministère de l'Éducation
1035, rue de Lachevrotière
Québec G1R 5A5

or
The Student Services of Québec universities.



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classifieds

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 9 am to 5 pm. Ads received by 10 o'clock appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions—\$3.00 maximum 20 words. 15 cents per extra word.

HOUSING

SUBLET 1½ furnished apt, clean, quiet, close to McGill, lease 8 months min, \$135/mo, phone 932-0376 evas.

Woman looking for female roommate to share 5½ on Esplanade facing park Mont Royal—rent \$60, heat, water included, 843-7131.

Sublet: 5½ lower Westmount, clean, sunny, quiet—Dec or Jan-Aug. \$210/month, call 932-3765.

SUBLET, bachelor w/alcove, highrise St. Famille/Milton \$145/m. Lease expires May 1, good condition, 844-4922 evas & wknds.

Wanted — 2 persons to live w/3 others in co-op house, \$60/m, all included, for Dec 1, 3694 Ste. Famille, 849-5911.

ONLY **2** ISSUES LEFT

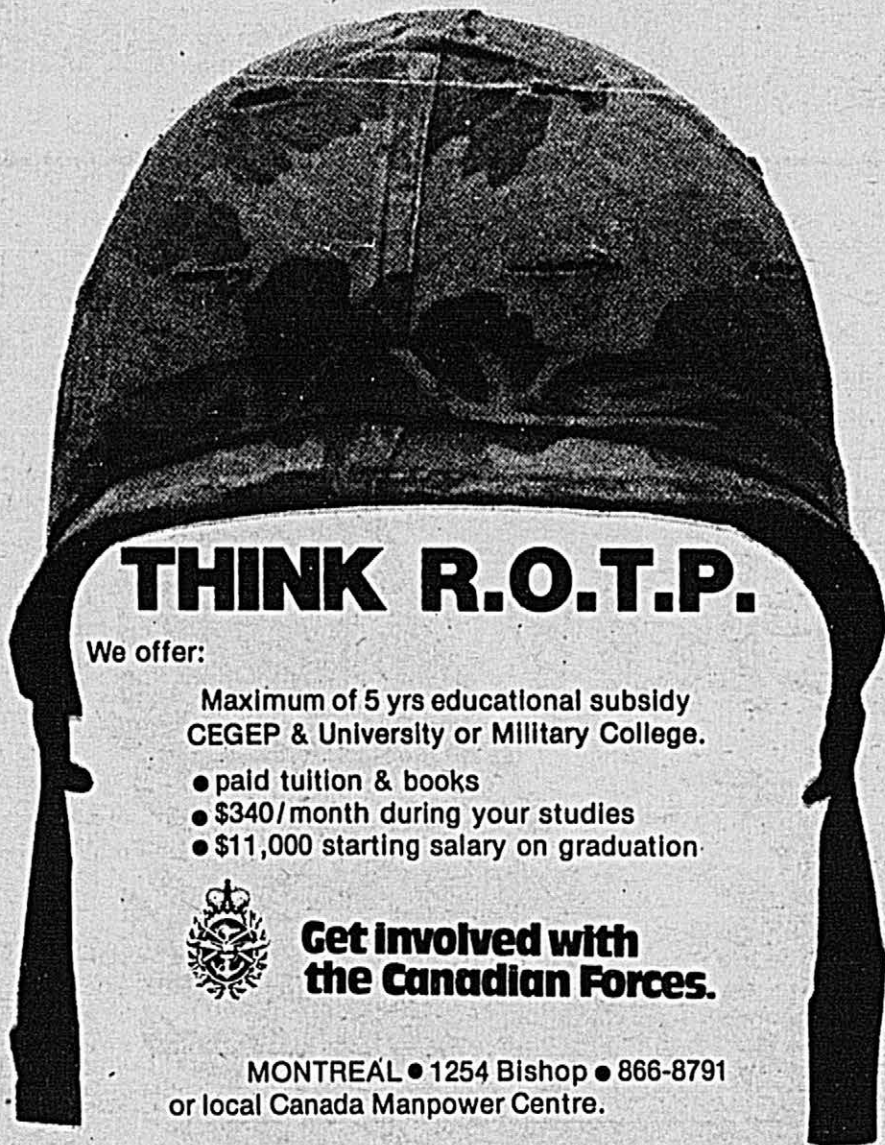
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Cavendish Mall, Cote St. Luc	482-8290

NOTICE

All groups, clubs, societies & McGill University departments: please note that starting **January 19, 1976**

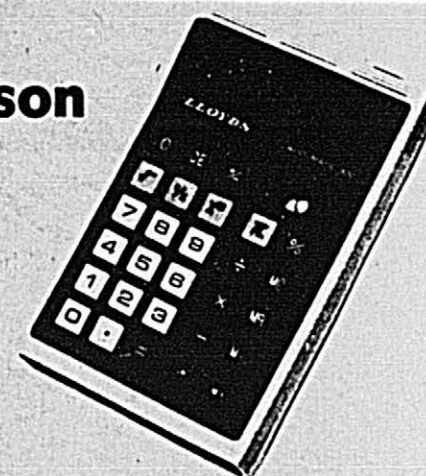
CLASSIFIEDS RATES will increase to \$6 for 3 days (max. 20 words: 30 cents/ea. add. wd.)

N.B.: Old rates will apply to non-profit-making activities & individual student announcements.

LLOYD'S

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- Don't know what to get Uncle Joe for Xmas
 - Don't have time to go shopping
- Well we have the answer Santa Claus!

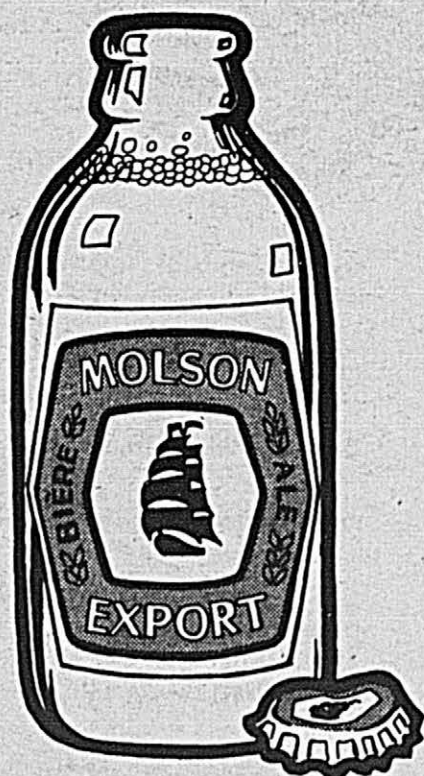
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How? Come to **the MSEA** buying club,

We are in the Union lobby daily (11 am — 3 pm)

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McGill Film Society

tonight

THE THING

8:00

L-132

50cents

friday

INTIMATE LIGHTING

7 & 9:30

FDAA

75cents

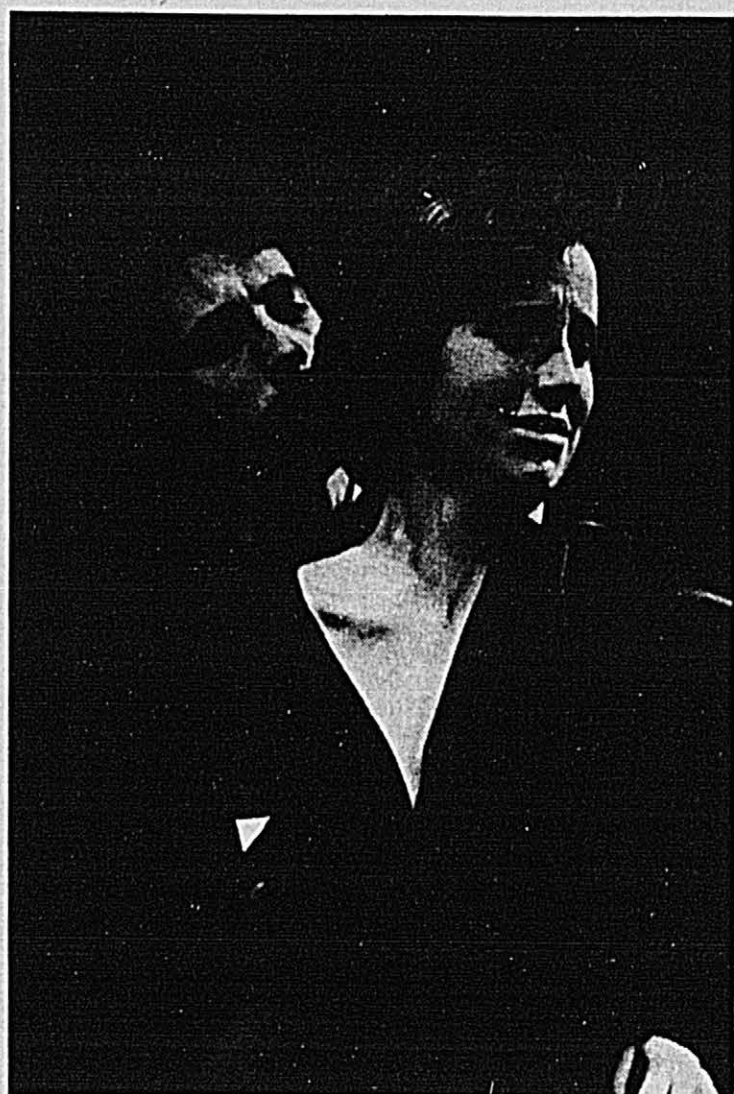
saturday

S.P.Y.S.

7 & 9:30

75cents

Who's afraid of TINY ALICE?



Who is tiny Alice? She is very beautiful, she is very rich and she lives in a big mansion. Wrong. She lives in a small mansion of doll house proportions and she can't be seen. She is an abstraction.

Wrong again. Tiny Alice can be seen as a masterpiece, a brilliant production, a play presented by the McGill Players' every night until Sunday December 7.

The acting, directing, costumes and sets are all of equal calibre: professional. The actors maintain a high level of concentration throughout the play, never yielding any sign that what they are saying and feeling is not real. David Conter's fine direction is visible through the grace and timing of the actors as they move and converse with one another. They too are very real, but what then is this abstraction?

For Julian (Cary Goldweber), a Lay Brother in the Catholic Church, abstraction lies in symbols; for him the symbol of God is not God because God is a reality. Julian is Hell bent to worship

the reality of God, but, like tiny Alice, does God really exist?

Goldweber adheres to his role as the trusting martyr most faithfully. He is an elastic performer who meets the difficult demands of his part with energy and depth. His seduction scenes with Miss Alice (Mary O'Connor) are painfully noteworthy in which one sees the breaking down of a man who "believes".

O'Connor slips as effortlessly from being a sensual femme fatale to a cold "bitch" as she does from one silky robe to another. Her costumes are truly luxurious, they all were made specifically for this production. Dressed in her satin garments O'Connor gives full reign to the performance. She is so convincing that it is difficult, even tragic, to believe that she could wear as many faces as she does.

Miss Alice lives in her mansion with her butler (David Thomson) whose tall, feline body strewn across her plush furniture accentuates the familiarity with which

Alice address her servants and few acquaintances.

Thomson's timing is excellent: he enters into the conversation at appropriate moments with naive bits of irrelevant information. As a "member of the family" he knows more about the characters than anyone. It is he who makes them all seem somehow sane.

Taking over the butler's place as Miss Alice's lover is her ruthless lawyer (Joris Stuyck). Stuyck exercises restraint by not allowing his voice to blast continually in emphasis to his insipid and choleric nature. Rather, he modulates his voice to fit the scene, lending greater dimension to the play as a whole.

Tiny Alice is living in the Union this week. No one really knows who she is, but it is said that she has the habit of wandering through the halls every night at 8 pm bearing a lantern. If you want to find out who she is and if she is, go to the Players' Theatre soon before she packs her bags and heads south.

—Sasha Cunningham

The following is a review of a decision not to see the film *The Story of O*. A decision, by the way, that saved this particular writer a considerable sum of money—and time.

It could be the start of an entirely new concept in movie reviewing and probably heralds the beginning of a new wave of Saturday "what shall we do tonight" conversations, which will go something like, "What film do you think we really shouldn't see this week?" or, "Which film in town is the one everyone's not going to see?" The consequences would be boggling and the effects on the movie industry will undoubtedly be devastating.

For those of you fortunate enough not to know what *The Story of O* is about, a quick look at the entertainment section of your favourite paper will reveal a delicately poised black and white portrait of a woman's body and above it a woman's face, staring out from the letter "O", creased with what looks like an expression of pain.

The makers of this film, like the makers of the many other new wave "X" rated movies which have "taken Paris and New York by storm", like to refer to them as "erotica" rather than "pornography". An obvious ploy to trap the unwitting middle classes into leaving the comfort of their living rooms and venturing out

to their favourite movie palace to see a "dirty" movie.

But whatever you call it, whether "erotica" or "pornography", the intent of the film and the message is the same, and it all adds up to making a lot of money.

Capitalist morality, like economics and politics in our society, is defined by the nature of our class society.

In the factories and the fields workers produce goods for consumption, and what is true for these products, the buying and selling, is true for sexuality in our society. Sexuality, like other merchandise, is bought and sold according to the laws of supply and demand.

On the cultural scene, film erotique, like other art forms, has a role to fulfill in upholding and perpetrating the unequal positions of men and women as the dominator and the dominated.

Beneath the barrage of tongues, penises, breasts and buttocks presented with "all the charm of open heart surgery, the grace of a tool and the factory, and the elegance of a zoo," as one reviewer put it, "lie the foundations of the suppressed sexual norms of our society." Norms, which if expressed naturally would destroy the authoritarian base of capitalist society, which rests on the ideology of submission determined in the field of human

sexuality by sexual repression.

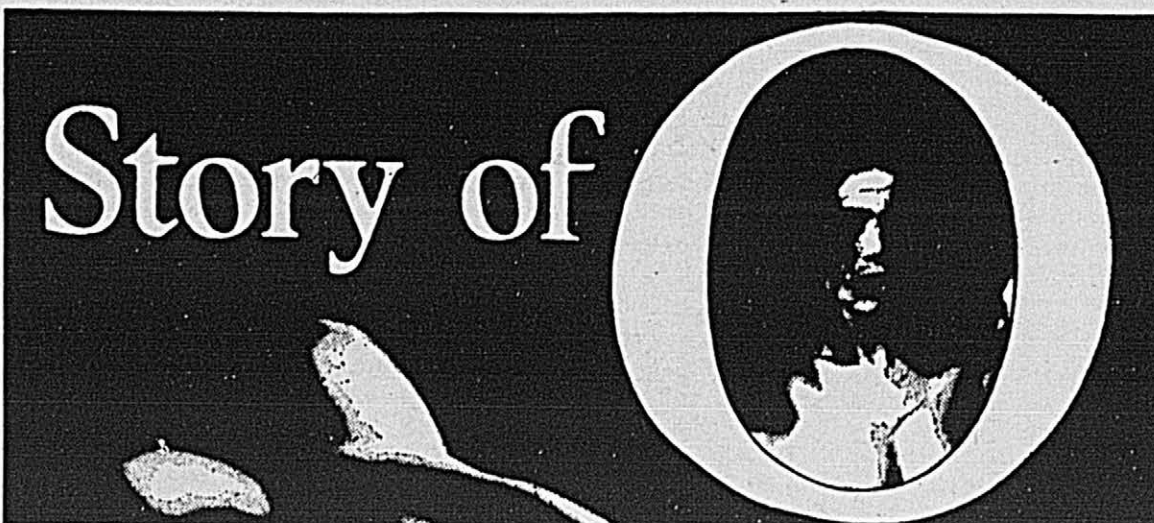
In the advertisements, *The Story of O*, like every less pretentious "pornographic" film, it is the body of a woman that is used as enticement. For the new "high class

tion is removed and the glossy coating on a film or any other form of art disappears, then people will come to realize that art has a class nature.

Sex in films is regarded as "titillation." Sex in our society is seen as a means to escape

tively destroyed in pornographic movies, and from all reports this is true in *The Story of O*, is the myth of love as we know it.

The thrashing and clutching, the squirming and groaning, and the look of pain, or is



erotica" is just as male dominated as every other "skin flick" produced. In these films women are sold as entertainment commodities, with men providing the "action", and both sexes gaze at the screen with equal absorption and just as little realization that what they are viewing is a manifestation of the exploitation that exists in almost every phase of their lives. The master and slave relationship between the sexes crystallized in living colour.

Once the veil of exploita-

the drudgery of work. Sex becomes a "bonus for the tired worker"; like a warrior returning from war, the worker returns home for relaxation and pleasure. Yet, it implies service from the woman. She provides "her man" with food, drink and a warm bed to sleep in and also provides him with sexual entertainment. But the conditions are the same as in the work place: sex is a transaction, a trade between alienated man and enslaved woman.

The one myth that is effec-

it pleasure that crosses the faces of the movie combatants, demonstrate the violence of sexual relations under capitalism.

Pornographic films provide part of the cultural needs of our society, and simply uphold the morality of the dominating class.

That's why this "reviewer" gave *The Story of O* a miss. Will you?

—Malcolm Guy

Malcolm Guy was not a former film critic for the New Yorker.



Eva Friede

Jarrett jams

Keith Jarrett, perhaps the best of the new generation of jazz pianists, made his concert hall debut in Montreal at Salle Claude Champagne last Sunday before a small crowd of staunch Jarrett fans. What evolved during the course of the evening could only leave one with mixed feelings.

Comparing Sunday's performance to his previous engagements at In Concert, Jarrett and his band showed a recognisable change within their basic style. Although Jarrett indisputably remains the dominant force behind the quartet, this time the band seemed to play as a more cohesive unit. The music embodied all musical domains, from classical to middle eastern, using jazz as its base. Undoubtedly Keith Jarrett is one of the leading exponents of the movement to decategorize music. As Dizzy Gillespie once said, "...there will be a time when music will be just called music."

Above and beyond the expression of his music, Keith Jarrett was able to establish a unique communication with his audience. After a stretch of creative cacophony and dissonance in which the quartet conveyed a feeling of energy and frustration, the attention slowly shifted toward Jarrett while the band disappeared behind him. The audience responded to his energy by creating their own rhythms, clapping their hands which later developed into a mass melodic whistling. Jarrett at this point followed the audience by playing flute while they whistled and clapped along. This is the magic of live performance.

Unfortunately there were incidents that marred the performance, mainly poor sound mixing by the technicians. Not that they did such a bad job, but Keith Jarrett is a perfectionist. He tries to get the most out of his instrument and its integration with the quartet; to him any deviation is intolerable. In the middle of the concert he stopped playing and went to the microphone to publicly denounce the technicians. This incident just embarrassed everyone. Then he complained that his piano was not in tune, and by the end of the concert when Jarrett expressed complete disgust with the show, the audience was only turned off. (He later apologised.)

The Keith Jarrett concert was produced by a promoter who is relatively new to the Montreal jazz scene, Rubin Fogel. Fogel promises to bring jazz to the concert hall on a regular basis and already has some big name talents lined up. This is great news for local jazz enthusiasts and if he manages to keep these performances in concert halls with acoustics as good as the Salle Claude Champagne, jazz in Montreal will never be better.

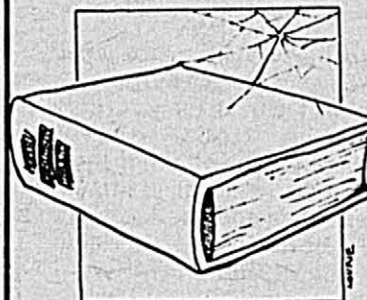
—Tim Pytko

The word is out

To the student whose reading interests go beyond the drugstore racks there is but one reasonable solution: The Second-Hand Bookshop.

The Word, 469 Milton Street, 845-5640 (between Aylmer and Durocher). The warm glow of soft incandescent light pours forth through the small shop's front windows onto Milton Street; a simple hand-painted sign discreetly identifies the store as **The Word**, perhaps the finest vendor of second-hand books in Montreal.

The exterior of the wood-framed building, in contrast to the neighbouring stone houses, has a picturesque charm. Inside, the atmosphere is warm and inviting, (dare I say cozy). Shelves of books cover two walls: one for fiction and the other for works pretending to a less imaginative revelation of the truth, (i.e. non-fiction).



While **The Word** has chairs, which other bookstores rarely furnish, it lacks something that is found in almost every used book store, namely that accused accumulation of omnipresent dust—the plague of bookseller and bibliophile alike.

The lack of dust may be attributed to either the rapid turnover of books, or to the fact that **The Word** has been operating in its present location for less than a year. Adrian King-Edwards, who owns and manages the shop with his wife Lucy, initiated his entrepreneurial activities with books he sold on a shelf in the living room of his flat in the ghetto. Stock accumulated steadily; Adrian took over the store on Milton from a Chinese laundryman, added some shelves, and opened **The Word**.

Since then the quality of the books Adrian sells and the excellent rates at which he buys new books (30% of the original price, highest in

town), as well as the regular poetry readings held evenings at the shop, have made **The Word** a well-respected bookstore in a relatively short space of time. All this without the need for expensive advertising.

The Word specializes in literature; in other words, its owners are somewhat discriminating in the types of books they handle. No Harlequin romances or hard-core pornography are on sale here. Nonetheless, in return for their generous rates the King-Edwards will buy good-quality books on almost any subject provided they are in relatively good condition and with a minimum of underlining or marginal commentary.

Although **The Word** pays the highest prices for books they buy, (Adrian or Lucy will probably give you an even higher rate if you take payment in trade), the prices charged are not expensive (65 to 75% of the cover price), although some book shops do charge less.

Since it began, **The Word** has been the centre for an increasing degree of literary activity in Montreal; it is a meeting place for poets, writers, and students. Poetry readings are held there alternate Wednesdays at eight o'clock, and newer poets as well as more familiar ones like Fraser Sutherland, Patricia Ewing, Laurence Hutchman, Carol Tenbrink and McGill professor Louis Dudek are featured.

—B. Ryan Spence



THE COFFIN WAS BARE

Women, with and without covering, circulated throughout the House of Fantasy. It was here the men came to shop for a few laughs and forget the day. "Let me pay for this one." "No, let me!" The Molson's and Labatt's flowed. Half-smoked cigarettes and cheap cigars perfumed the air. An atmosphere of tantalizing delights put the clientele in a generous mood. The lighting was comparable to that used by photographers to develop film. The natives were becoming restless. Deafening rock music and blue movies were no longer acceptable pacifiers. "Where is the show?" somebody shouted. "We want Vampira!" The music was unplugged, the movies turned off and in the midst of an approaching climax the manager came on stage: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Beau Sexe proudly presents for your evening's pleasure, the Princess of Darkness, Vampira!"

A single light beamed on a black coffin resting peacefully in the middle of the stage. What sounded like the Transylvanian national anthem swiftly picked up in tempo. The anticipation became unnerving. What would come from all these theatrics?

Suddenly, as if in a scene borrowed from a Vincent Price classic, the coffin began to open. A Transylvanian nationalist of what seemed to be the female gender, appeared. Her code name, Vampira alias Vikki Lynn, a striptease dancer and former Miss Nude Earth (honored in Naked City, Indiana). She flashed several satanic smiles, equipped with fangs and blood trickling down the remotest corner of her mouth. Faces in the audience reacted with laughter and

awe...

"All striptease dancers are schizophrenic", claimed Nikki, "they are one person on stage, another in the dressing room, and even another at home. You want a drink? What will you have? A scotch? Jack, get this guy a scotch."

"I started in this business when I was eighteen. I was in university and I couldn't get a job on campus. They advertised for a go-go dancer at \$2.50 an hour. To a starving college student, that's a fortune. I applied and got the job. I worked my way through college as a go-go dancer and then I bought a night club...but I didn't like the responsibility, so I gave it up. I worked for my uncle for a while. He owned a couple of bars and a big club in the States. I then became a stripper because go-go dancing went out."

When did go-go dancing go out? Nikki smiled, "I don't keep track of the years...you can date yourself that way. I never talk about my age because club owners sometimes become a little uptight if they think that maybe you are a little too old."

Nikki seemed to talk and laugh at the same time. She sparkled with warmth and vitality. Everyone seemed to admire her imagination and personality. "I am a very blunt person. A few months my mother came up to see me. I sat her down and told her what I was doing for a living the last few years. I told her that if she didn't like it, I would have to send her home because I couldn't have her staying here and nagging me. She finally came to see my act and said it was the most beautiful thing

she had ever seen. She and my boyfriend are my biggest fans."

At this point I paused and called for a much needed second round of scotch. "Stripteasing is strictly business to me. I work seven days a week, six hours a night in the city. The average striptease dancer makes approximately \$300 to \$350 a week, but they have to pay for their own costumes, cosmetics, and the taxis home at night. You also have to pay for your own drinks because you are not allowed to fraternise."

What sort of life do you lead outside of work? "I lead a very ordinary life: I play tennis, volleyball and go to the beach, just like any other normal person."

What do you think is the difference between being a striptease dancer than say, being a lawyer or a teacher? "A lot of people don't know how to handle the sensuality and sexuality of my work. A lot of girls are afraid that I'll move in on their husbands or boyfriends because of the connotations that come from my work." Are these connotations justified? "No, I'm not interested in their men. I don't live on anyone else's bait."

The House of Fantasy continued to fill up as Vampira went on. Another stripper was performing on stage, undulating her naked body around a bedpost. Men jeered and progressively thrust their heads forward as she gestured provocatively towards them. Sex and liquor seemed an unbeatable combination. The bartender passed me another scotch and the purpose for my coming to the Beau Sexe rapidly began to disappear. My eyes rotated between the waitresses, the dancer on



Nikki Lynn as Vampira at le Beau Sexe.

stage and Vampira.

Nikki reminded me that she had another show to do, and it was time for another question. Do you have other strippers as friends? "No, it's not to my advantage. Your best friends will steal from you. Cute ideas you have, music you have, and that doesn't promote friendship when you see your friends stealing your show. For palling around, my friends are my boyfriend, his friend, and a couple of the club owners' families."

Does women's liberation mean anything to you? "No, not really...I'm quite liberated. I have my identity. I use myself to get ahead. I do not feel I am being exploited. I feel I am exploiting your normal average male and pervert. I'm not forced to get up there and do what I do. They ask me for my artistic work, to keep the weight down, and to look good. So, I feel I'm ahead of these other women, screaming for women's liberation." As Nikki finished two men stood up and applauded her.

What happens to striptease

dancers when they get old? "Some try and marry, if they are lucky, someone who is rich. Others may marry their agents or club owners." Have you ever had a bad experience on stage? "I've been mobbed a couple of times...Yeah I've had a few bad experiences. Some men come in with their own hangups, pervers you know. The trouble with me is that I see too well while I'm on stage, you understand? A few guys just do it there in front of me. But with most guys, they have problems...they just come to see a pretty girl, so they don't have to think of their wives slouching around the house, the kids screaming and the bills piling up. When you go on stage you create a fantasy for this person, so that it sort of helps him go home and face things." Is this why men come? "Some of them."

Recently, I told a friend of mine that I interviewed a striptease dancer. He answered, "Vertically or horizontally?" Obviously, he had never met Vampira.

-Myron Welik

Making a good case for massacre

Haitad: The Armenian Case is hardly a play. It is a statement in the guise of a play, or rather in the guise of a political revue. What **Haitad** looks like in fact is an elementary school pageant, and its political statement is on a similar level. The statement: The Turkish massacre of the Armenians did bad things to the Armenian people.

This statement is made worse than banal when held up against the reality of the Armenian genocide. Over a million people were murdered and the greater part of the Armenian race was forced into

exile. Armenia itself in short order became Soviet Armenia.

The author, Yervart Kedjian, approaches his subject in a "non-linear" form, according to the program notes. This means that interspersed with depictions of an historic-fictional nature are examinations of the inner workings of the characters, and other sundries. A pair of clowns, for example, gives a heady political commentary a la somebody's idea of Brecht.

Example: "First clown (indicating a slide showing destitute Armenian refugees): These are refugees."

"Second clown: Refucheese?"

Is that some kind of cheese?"

As a warm-up for this insulting batter the audience was treated to a song-and-dance. "Dumb Armenians, dumb dumb dumb." Brecht attempted to make the audience feel the impact of usually remote power politics. Kedjian, on the other hand, attempts...

Robert Tembeck of the McGill English Department, under whose auspices this trifle was assembled, directed and acted. He made his entrance in the most thoroughly gratuitous sex scene that has ever appeared in Divinity Hall (where the play was produced)

or anywhere else. I have been informed that the "Tembeck grope" is an integral part of all his productions.

This one began with a revolting night club song and ended with a lot of moaning women being ineptly felt up by two men. To make matters worse, everyone was fully clothed.

I can say no more about **Haitad: The Armenian Case** except that it will represent the McGill English Department at the Quebec Drama Festival this week. It is a McGill production in name only. Several of the actors, including the lead, are from

outside.

The English Department Drama Programme has produced very little of quality in recent years. **Haitad** does not alter the situation. A bit of re-thinking is necessary down there. A bit of thinking might help as well.

The Armenian community in Montreal gave great support to the play. I cannot help but feel that the Armenians were cheated. They had one put over on them by theatrical-type persons who convinced them that this travesty was politically solid and theatrically effective. It was neither.

-George Kopp

Good enough to eat

Chanukah is here once more,
Potato pancakes is the lore.
Topped with a little apple sauce,
Gives the taste a little gloss.
They're so good, one must eat a lot,
But only homemade, not store-bought.
As you make them one by one,
You'll see why they are so much fun...!
Happy Chanukah!

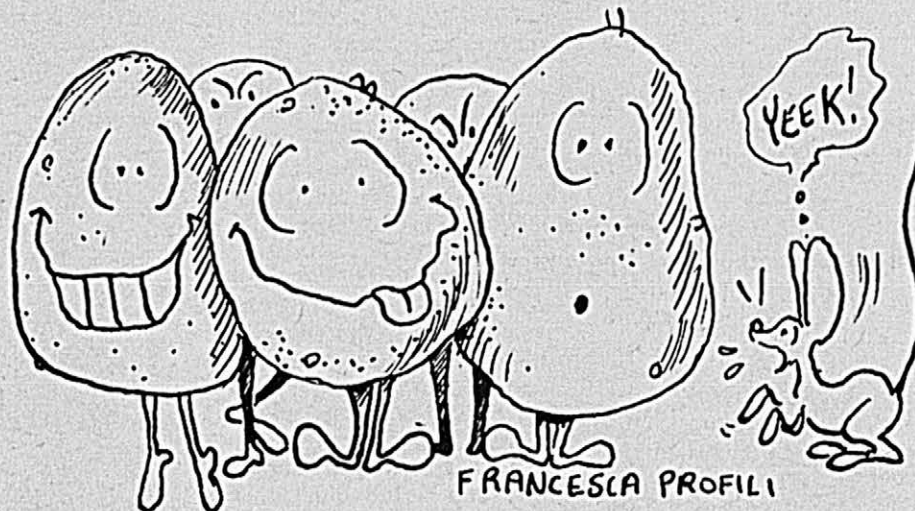
Potato Pancakes:
6 potatoes, pared
1 small onion, grated
3 eggs
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp pepper
1/4 cup flour
1 tbsp oil
2 tsp baking powder
oil for frying

1) Grate the potatoes and drain them well.
2) Blend in the remaining ingredients.
3) Drop the batter from a spoon into the hot oil and brown it on all sides, turning them only once.

Applesauce:
5 apples, pared
1/2 cup of water
1/2 cup of sugar
1 tsp of cinnamon

1) Slice the apples.
2) Bring the water to a boil and add apples, sugar, and cinnamon.
3) Simmer for 20 minutes. Refrigerate.

—Julie Wexler



Inside McCord

Two figures wearing peculiar top-hats sit, expressionless, flanking a small wooden trunk. They've just stopped moving, paddles resting beside the thick wooden bulwarks of the canoe. One of the carved figures sits calmly on the middle thwart, staring off to a horizon; the dark woodgrain accentuates his high cheekbones and air of unearthly peace.

Behind him, a strange being marked with a red and black crested head throws his mask-like face to the sky shaking with insane, but

silent, laughter.

Although now becalmed behind a thick glass case at the McCord Museum, one expects these Haida Indian carvings to resume their interrupted course through British Columbia.

The McCord Museum makes a stab at comprehensiveness in its public displays, but thankfully only a stab. One is not buried under masses of obscure anthropological data, and after hundreds of footsore miles spent in museum halls, it is a relief to be presented with a careful selection of material.

A major function of the McCord is as a teaching and research museum for Canadian ethnography, thus its association with McGill. The public displays on permanent exhibit include sections on the Eskimo, Plains Indians, and Iroquois.

The McCord also has periodic exhibits on local history. Currently there is a 20th century Quebec folk art exhibit, as well as one on the colonial French and British merchants of Montreal, in which there is James McGill's gold Beaver Club medal!

Also part of this exhibit are photographs of Montreal buildings taken on the waterfront and in Old Montreal that are now largely

demolished for Jean Drapeau's own grandiose designs.

Down in the basement there is a collection of photographs of western Canada taken for publicity purposes by CPR-commissioned photographers in the late nineteenth century. The mountains are, as always, impressive, but the uninspiring composition and lack of colour leave a feeling that something essential has been missed.

The McCord Museum is at the corner of Sherbrooke and Victoria opposite McGill, open Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays from 11:00 am to 6:00 pm. Admission is free.

—David Ress



Anyone who is into music knows that it takes a lot of hard work and luck to break into the field. For McGill "student-on-leave", Barbara Fox, the luck seems to have come overnight, and the hard work is just beginning.

It was just by accident that Barbara was listening to CHOM radio about two weeks

A new voice

ago when she heard an ad calling for a Motown singer. Originally from Detroit, Barbara had never sung in the Motown style before, but this seemed like the opportunity most vocalists—or any musician—wait for.

The following day, Barbara met with Charles Alcox, a musician from Kansas who has been working and living in Montreal for three years. Charles was immediately impressed with Barbara's voice which lends itself to many styles, and as far as he was concerned, she was "in".

The two have formed into a musical team called Phantasmagoria, and with Charles' help and influence, Barbara has been able to widen her range of music to include soul, blues and rock. Barbara had previously concentrated on folk and confessional ballads and is well known in the McGill residences for her performances at coffee houses.

Charles' musical abilities cover a wide range of instruments including flute, sax, moog synthesizer, electric piano, piano and organ. He does some background vocals as well.

A Montreal group, Shades of Joy, has long been trying to get Charles to work with them, and now that he and Barbara have been polishing up their

own act, they have both accepted the offer. The entire group will begin working together in early December, and then Phantasmagoria (i.e. Charles and Barbara) will be in Toronto for a month-long gig at the Eglinton Holiday Inn.

I sat in on one of Phantasmagoria's rehearsals last week and was as impressed as Charles with Barbara's voice and as impressed as Shades of Joy with Charles' own musical talents. The two work beautifully together and employ their own unique style on all of their numbers, in particular, Carol King's I Feel the Earth Move, Earth, Wind and Fire's Feeling Blue, and Paul McCartney's Let Me Roll It. Barbara's voice has a certain strength, a quality that makes you want to listen and lets you know that she feels what she sings. But Charles' own enthusiasm for the music he performs cannot be overlooked, and together the two display a certain love for music that is sometimes lacking in many performers.

This Saturday on December 6 Phantasmagoria will be doing a three hour live show on CHOM radio beginning at 7:00 am. It's early, especially for a weekend, but I think you'll find that it's worth getting up for.

—V. Wright



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Friday, December 5 at 8:30 pm. Dore O. introduces her films ALASKA (18 min.), BLONDE BARBAREI (25 min.), JUM-JUM (10 min.) and KASKARA (Grand Prix, Knokke Festival; 21 min.)

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Centaur 2:
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Friday, December 12 at 8 pm \$2.00

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The McGill Teaching Assistants Association

COORDINATING COMMITTEE MEETING:

- to discuss administration lack of response.
 - to discuss implementation of work slowdown
- Wednesday, December 3rd, 5 PM, Seminar Room,
Drop-in Center, Redpath Library

All TA Representatives urged to attend.

The meeting is open to all observers.

Further information: Pierre Paquette (Local 5239), L-426

*Ballads, blues, work songs, sea songs, kids'
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Yellow Door Coffee House (3625 Aylmer)

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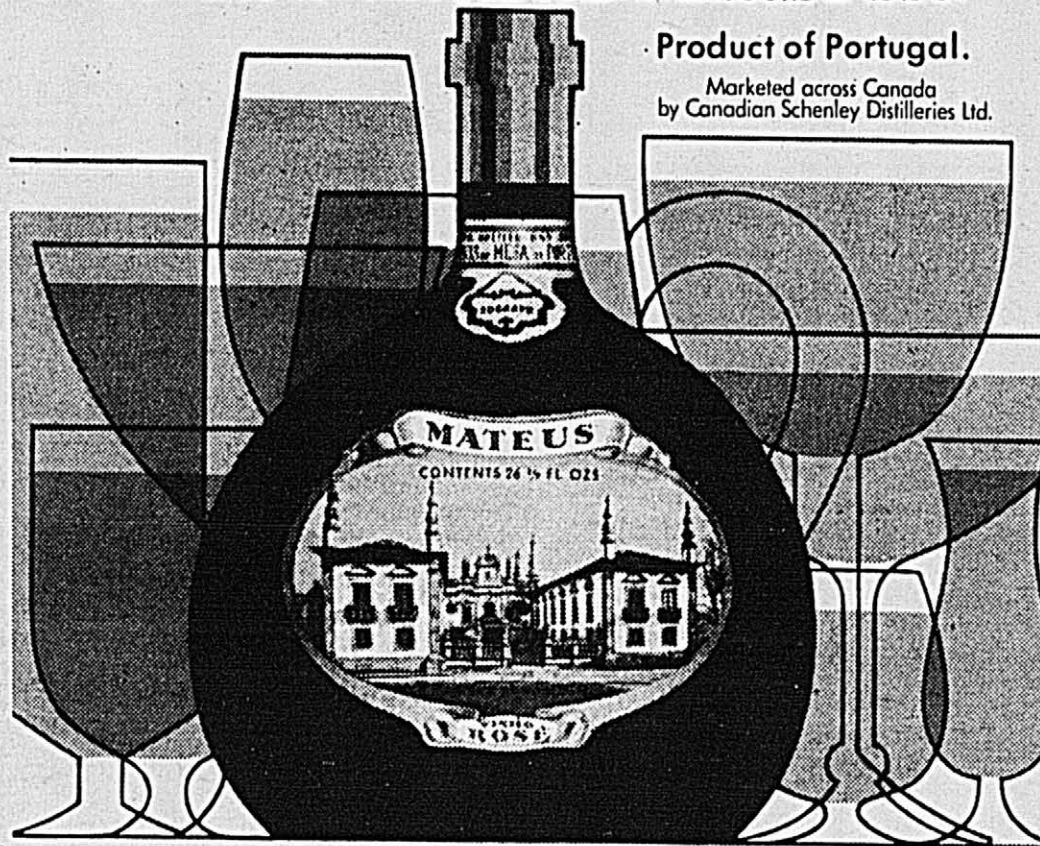
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The Weekly

CHEAP 'n' GOOD

MA'S CHOICE



The Thing showing tonight in L-123



The production of Winter Kept Us Warm



Murnau's Sunrise at SGWU Tuesday



Rohmer's Genou de Claire at the Flick



Citizen Kane once more

★ McGill Film Society 392-8934:

Dec 3 *The Thing* by Nyby was produced by Hawks and so got into Sarris' good books in spite of being sci-fi. Might be worth seeing for the same reasons. 20:00.

Dec 5 *Intimate Lighting* by Ivan Passer is not the best known of the Czech New Wave films but is undoubtedly one of the funniest. It marks the beginning of a fine Friday Night Czech Series at the Film Soc. Political freedom was not all that was lost in The Summer of '68. 19:00 & 21:30.

Dec 6 *S*P*Y*S* Sutherland and Gould try to mash-up the business. 19:00 & 21:30.

★ La Cinematheque Québécoise 844-8734:

Dec 3 *Winter Kept Us Warm* got its first Montréal run at the McGill Film Society, in those good old days of the mid-sixties. It was one of the first signs of the revival of dormant Canadian filmmaking. Historical ('65) interest. 21:30.

Dec 5 *La vieille dame indigne* is based on a Brecht piece. Done by René Allio it should be interesting. 19:30.

Dec 9 *L'Homme au crane rasé* is one of the few examples of Belgian films available to us. 19:30.

★ S.G.W.U. 879-4349:

Dec 4-7 *An orgy of Chaplin and Keaton*: one program of each, every night (that means shorts and feature). Including *Modern Times*, *Go West*, *Limelight*, *Three Ages* etc. Phone 'em.

Dec 9 *Sunrise* by Murnau is the most beautiful film around. Done in 1927, he did the most extraordinary things... 20:30.

★ Loyola Series 482-0320 loc 437:

Dec 3 Yet more from Hitchcock: good ole *Psycho*, the one and only (19:00) & *The Birds*, which doesn't compare (21:00). More Gulag.

★ Cinema V 489-5559:

Dec 5 *What's Up Doc* is more Bogdanovich schlock. 18:45 (also 6th). *Amarcord* is more Fellini trick or treating. See it. 19:15 (also 6th).

Dec 6 *King of Hearts* over and over and over. 18:45 (also 7th).

Cabaret is not bad Isherwood, considering Liza Minelli is in it. 19:15 (also 7th).

Dec 9 *The Emigrants* was Troell's passport to Hollywood. With the standard Swedish cast, it's worth seeing. 18:45.

★ Cinema Outremont 277-4145

Dec 3 *Harold & Maude* (19:30) & *Brewster McCloud* (21:30) are unmentionable.

Dec 4 *Jazz on a Summer's Day* should be the Monterey Pop of Jazz, it's got the cast. 21:30.

Dec 7 & 8 *Harold & Maude & King of Hearts* are just as unmentionable.

Dec 9 The most interesting evening of film so far:

Pierrot le fou was Godard's step into experimental and political films (as opposed to tasteful and political). Worth the time. 19:00.

Citizen Kane is one of the most complete experiences on film. You should see it just to find out what the brou-ha-ha is about. 21:30.

★ Flick 845-1269:

Dec 3 *Claire's Knee*, a Rohmer delight, should be sat back to and enjoyed. 19:00.

Dec 6 *Lacombe Lucien* of all the things Malle does well, films about kids seems best, and this is one (in occupied France). 19:00.

Stavisky I'm still trying to figure out how Resnais made this one - it's definitely out of character. 21:30.

Dec 7 *Gone With the Wind* Get a couple of hankies out and be there for 19:00.

Dec 9 *Straw Dogs* is a very fine film, very fine. 19:00.

The Fearless Vampire Killers is a hilarious film by Polanski. 21:30.

★ The Boob Tube click-clack:

Dec 3 *Dr. Zhivago*, complete, Ch 2, 19:00.

La Maudite Galette by Denys Arcand, Ch. 2, 23:15.

The Pajama Game. If you're after nostalgia, Doris Day and Rock Hudson are better than Bogdanovitch. Ch. 3, 23:30.

Dec 4 *Stavisky* perhaps you should see it on the tube before you spend money on it. Ch. 2, 20:00.

Oedipus the King with Plummer and Welles, does a good version. Ch. 12, 00:00.

★ English Department 392-4987:

Dec 9 *Orphans of the Storm* is classic, excellent and sentimental Griffith, with the Gish Sisters, French Revolution you know. L26, 16:00.

I guess the dept. is packing it in for the term. No Bergman, if you can prepare yourself for the withdrawal.

Good Hunting.

The Weekend MUSIC

The Thomas Morely Consort Lessons—A concert featuring the lute, bandorina, cittern, Renaissance transverse flute, violin and gamba, at the Pollack Concert Hall, 8:30 Friday night.

Prose Reading—with novelist Jack Ludwig, Thursday night at 8 pm at the Snowdon Campus, Vanier College. Tel.: 333-4010.

THEATRE

Actors' Studio—Something Different, a two-act comedy is running Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. 342-4591 for information.

The Black Theatre Workshop—presents *A Calabash of Blood* by Eric Roach at the Revue Theatre through Sunday night. Tel.: 937-2733.

Peer Gynt by Henrik Ibsen is opening tonight at the Kirkland Theatre, John Abbott College, by the John Abbott Professional Theatre Program. Tel.: 697-9610.

McGill Players—presents *Tiny Alice* through Sunday. See the review in today's Weekly.

The Quebec Drama Festival—is presenting a series of shows nightly at 8, through Saturday, all at the Douglass Burns Clarke Theatre, Hall Building, Concordia University. Wednesday—The Genesians present *Our Town*. Thursday—The McGill English Department Drama Programme presents *Haltad: The Armenian Case*. Friday—Phoenix Theatre presents *Soundheim!* Saturday—England-Trawick-MacMillan presents *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. Tel.: 879-4341 for information.

McCord Museum—Notman and Henderson in the West is a portfolio of photographs of the Canadian Rockies taken between 1884 and 1892.

MCGILL DAILY

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Comment

Jerry Rubin

"No matter what work you do, if your consciousness is not there, it makes no difference."

After all these years Jerry Rubin really hasn't changed that much. Seven or eight years ago he exhorted audiences to change their "heads" and lifestyles. He did that again last night. The same '60's anarchist streak was there. Only now it had been moulded over three years of personal reflection into a call to "get in touch with yourselves" as the prerequisite to political action.

Those who expected that Rubin would finally come out of his media isolation and propose involvement in a long-term ideological struggle were bitterly disappointed. In fact, the first reaction of most seemed to be "sell-out city," what with those wallpaper commercials of his and now this. But the American problem solving approach goes against the grain of political thought in many other countries as "adventurist", "reformist" or "short-sighted". But such is the fate of a country where the individual has been stressed for the last 200 years.

And Rubin was then, is now, and always will be the son of American politics - a process that stresses individual involvement with relatively short-term practical issues. Rubin freely admitted that when '60's anarchism changed into '70's cynicism certain problems were

solved and new ones created at the same time.

He admitted that the mass nihilism now permeating American society is just as much the precursor to fascism as it was the product of the attack on American institutions.

But at least it was refreshing to see an activist pose solutions to these problems in part by encouraging individuals to interact and change the system through the combination of their own individual strength rather than depending solely on the hope of class or mass organized action.

Even in China where Rubin spent three months this year, and where his "faith that Marxism-Leninism works as a system was reaffirmed," he was quick to note that individuals "were satisfied, at peace, and had faith in the future." With all his emphasis on his recent encounters with therapy, Rubin maintained that "going to China was the real therapy for me."

Rubin's emphasis on individual accomplishment in Chinese society is not contraband from Rubin's point of view. To him the intertwining of individual consciousness and the greater political whole is unavoidable. "If America falls apart, its radicals fall apart too."

It seemed, that the amount of people embittered by Rubin's apparent "tameness" was e-

quailed by those who were relieved that a symbol of the sixties was no longer spewing fire and brimstone or that he refused to lead and organize a new "movement."

For those, it seemed had forgotten a major lesson of what the sixties was all about. The media built up movements and individuals just as fast as it neglected them and caused the public to forget about them. Rubin was keenly aware of that last night. Whoever Jerry Rubin really was or what he did and whatever the "Movement" really was or what it really did became almost irrelevant as it was subject to and catered to what the media wanted it to be. In 1969 Rubin was a Yippee crazy on trial. By the beginning of 1970 Rubin and the Movement had been dumped as a story by the press even though the greatest amount of student bombings and street violence in US history was taking place. So that last night people seemed to be expecting a Rubin or the "image" of a Rubin that was wholly media produced.

It was therefore, surprising, and in the end quite satisfying to know that despite wallpaper advertisements, media distortion and audience expectations, Jerry Rubin reintroduced the real Jerry Rubin last night from behind a curtain of three years.

letters

Katherine the Great
didn't exist?

To the Daily:

In a response to the letter re women's studies in the Daily (Dec 1) I would like to point out some realities. Although I too would agree with her ultimate goals I have different views on the paths needed to achieve these.

Women have played significant roles in the history and development of most of our academic disciplines, yet they are given little if any recognition in the regular course of study available at McGill.

Over the past 30 years, the social sciences have virtually ignored the study of women. In basic sociology texts women as the subject of study is largely neglected. Simone de Beauvoir's comprehensive study is still absent from the personality development curriculum. History courses neglect the women's suffrage movement while literature courses rarely focus on female authors.

Comfortable platitudes about equality for all human beings have done little to create equal pay, equal opportunities in employment or equal status for women in our society.

One goal of women's studies courses is to provide new or little known information about women, their history and their accomplishments.

Women's studies courses can appear in almost every discipline and many would be multidisciplinary and of course open to both men and women. As a result of deficits in the general curriculum, women's studies courses have become more common in recent years and are offered at most major universities in North America. Let's try them at McGill.

Annette Werk

Rubin...

continued from page 1

their heads and bodies together." Rubin stressed the need to "prevent fascism before building the revolution."

"Right now the U.S. is the sixties' dream come true. The economy is falling apart, there's a mass movement to kill the president and cynicism runs the land. This is a radical's dream if all he wants is destruction. But this nihilism breeds fascism."

Now the other half of the crowd clapped before Rubin was questioned about Israel and his Jewishness. "I like my Jewishness. But I went to Israel in '61 and I'm ashamed of some of the attitudes there towards the Arabs. The Arabs have a legitimate demand and I think a lot of the world knows it." Individuals reacted quickly to this point and Rubin simply said, "It's a tough subject."

Rubin got back to the subject of China and praised the Chinese as "spiritual teachers." "They're so serious and yet so relaxed. China's self-criticism is like one big therapy group, like Shirley MacLaine said, you go to China to discover yourself. I discovered that I'm a bourgeois intellectual who's out of touch with working people."

Rubin still believes that "work determines consciousness" and reaffirmed his faith in Marxism-Leninism but said that it must be "creatively applied here."

Jerry Rubin was paid \$1,000 plus plane fare from California for his three speeches at Montreal's anglophone universities. Having said earlier that he's not out to be a media figure but is out to communicate, Rubin affirmed in an interview afterwards in the Daily office, "I did it back then and I'm doing it now."

hits and guts

by giovanni gray



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PERSONAL

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Troubles? Feel you need to rap with a folksinger? See the Michael Cooney concert Sunday, Dec 7. Tickets \$2, Union Box Office.

Uncork the Pork! The Porkers are alive in '75. Go Porkers! Best Med. Good luck, the Arts Faculty.

Attention all groups, clubs, societies & McGill departments: please note that starting January 19, 1976, classified rates will increase to \$8 for 3 days (max. 20 words: 30 cents each additional word). N.B.: Old rates will apply to non-profit-making activities & individual students' announcements.

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